

# Honouji Demons

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The city of Honnouji was a glamorous metropolis to any outsider. The sleek, modern buildings that mixed in with the old architecture from the century before accompanied by the generally high standard of living and low crime rate really fooled many people. To the untrained eye, the city of Honnouji was the closest thing to paradise, but to Ryuko Matoi, it was a near hell on earth.

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# Honouji Demons

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# Prequel

## Chapter 1: Prequel

The city streets were dark and cold as Ryuko made her way into an alleyway, her gun at her side and her finger ghosting over the trigger. Neon lights from the shady bars and shops were the only thing that gave Ryuko any visuals. Shadows of dumpsters and stray cats skewed her vision as she walked, her eyes narrow and her jaw set.

Before she could even get halfway down the alley, Ryuko heard the distinct click of someone cocking their pistol. It was far too close for comfort, Ryuko turned her head to the left slightly only to see the barrel of a gun nearly half a foot away from her face.

The person holding the gun was none other than the person Ryuko was looking for. Tall and pale, her dark hair that fell over her shoulders. That serious expression on her face as she glared at the smaller woman and straightened her black tie with the hand that wasn't holding a gun. Her hard, blue eyes bore into Ryuko's very being as she gestured for Ryuko to put her hands in the air.

"Well shit." Ryuko sighed, raising her hands above her head and taking her finger off the trigger. "I didn't hear you come in, Kiryuin."

"Maybe you couldn't hear my footsteps over the sound of your knuckles dragging on the pavement." Satsuki replied harshly. "Now put down your piece or I'll unload this clip into the back of your head faster than you can put your finger back on that trigger."

Ryuko didn't doubt that Satsuki had the skill and the nerve to shoot her down in the street. With a very dramatic sigh, she bent down slowly and set the gun on the ground before straightening up and kicking it away. She heard Satsuki grunt in approval as she glanced over her shoulder, glaring at the taller woman.

"How did we end up like this, Kiryuin?" Ryuko asked, attempting to keep her tone light. "I thought we were friends."

Satsuki was silent, her lip curling into a small snarl. The scar on her cheek from when one of Ryuko's bullets nearly killed her, it only managed to graze her cheek, however. It was a reminder of the only time Ryuko had actually been one step ahead of the Kiryuin heiress, a reminder of Satsuki's undeniable amount of luck. That or the fact that bullets were apparently even terrified of Satsuki Kiryuin.

"Are you gonna kill me?" Ryuko asked after a moment of tense silence. "Or are you gonna let me go like you always do?"

"Matoi," Satsuki sighed, her gun lowering slightly. It was now pointed at her shoulder. "I planned on shooting you down like a dog in the street. I planned on mangling your body and littering it with bullets from my extended clip and ending your miserable existence once and for all." She paused for a moment, glaring at the gun that was a few yard away. "But then I thought that when I kill you, you'll put up a much better fight."

Ryuko snorted but let Satsuki continue.

"I'm keeping your piece." She said coldly. "I believe it belongs to me anyway, I'd recognize that ivory handle anywhere." She glanced back at Ryuko. "Go on, then."

Ryuko walked out of the alley slowly, her hands still above her head before turning the corner. When she was sure that Satsuki wasn't on her tail, Ryuko broke out into a sprint, trying to put as much distance between herself and the alleyway as possible.

# Part 1

## Chapter 2: Part 1

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Ryuko Matoi is new in town and learns some important things about the way the city works

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The city of Honnouji was a glamorous metropolis to any outsider. The sleek, modern buildings that mixed in with the old architecture from the century before accompanied by the generally high standard of living and low crime rate really fooled many people. To the untrained eye, the city of Honnouji was the closest thing to paradise, but to Ryuko Matoi, it was a near hell on earth.

Just out of the light's reach, there was a seedy underbelly of sin and darkness. Ryuko Matoi knew that when she was transferred from her relatively safe village, she just didn't know the degree of lawlessness that lay beneath the façade of beauty and safety. Teeming with malice and greed, the city was a reminder of the death and evil in the world, always under the guise of something good.

On her first day on the job, Ryuko was called in to investigate the murder of a truck driver. The body was left in the river and was now bloated and disgusting, it was almost impossible to see the bullet wounds in the head and chest. Ryuko's partner, Mako Mankanshoku, took one look at the victim before letting out a terrified squeak and jumping back.

"You know who did it?" Ryuko asked, glaring at the body.

"This is a Kiryuin murder." Mako replied, pointing at the two chest wounds and the single shot between the eyes. "This is their M.O..."

"So we know who did it?" Ryuko crossed her arms.

"No, we know what group of people did it." Mako said, gesturing for the coroners to take the bodies away.

"So we can arrest them, can't we?"

"No."

"No?"

"No." Mako shook her head. "You obviously don't know about the Kiryuins yet, do you?"

"Obviously." Ryuko raised an eyebrow as she watched the body get taken away. "Care to enlighten me?"

"Not now." Mako shook her head. "Let's get lunch first."

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Ryuko picked at her burger as she listened to Mako explain the situation. Apparently the Kiryuin's were a family that owned over half the city, on both its legal side and its illegal side. They were also the founders of REVOCS brand clothing, giving them riches beyond all belief.

"Ragyo Kiryuin runs the legal parts of the company," Mako continued, popping a French fry into her mouth and sighing. "She's letting her daughter, Satsuki, have control of the... uh... side businesses."

"Okay." Ryuko rolled her eyes. "Now can you explain to me why they're above the law?"

"Over half the city judges are on their payroll and the others are terrified that they'll end up like our friend in the water to do anything." Mako replied calmly. "Most of the HPD also works for them too, and apparently the mayor is too..."

“So what?” Ryuko growled, her frown deepening. “Am I just supposed to turn a blind eye toward murder? I can’t just do that.”

“I’m not telling you to let people get away with murder.” Mako said, her brow furrowing. “Sometimes it’s smarter to let the Kiryuins do what they need to do.”

Ryuko remained silent as she felt burning hot rage surge through her body.

“I’m actually surprised the Kiryuins haven’t sent anyone to talk to you yet.”

“What the fuck does that mean?”

“Well...” Mako paused. “They like to offer work for anyone who’s new on the force... Whoever visits you usually explains everything better than I did and then they ask you to do a favor for them as a sign of good faith...”

“They’re gonna ask me to kill someone?”

“Nothing like that.” Mako shook her head. “Just something along the lines of helping with a shipment or something.”

“So should I expect some assholes at my house telling me to do them a favor or I’ll end up in the river?”

“Or worse.”

“Great. Just fucking great.”

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Just like Mako had predicted, there was a black parked outside her apartment building. Two men stood beside the car, both in suits and both looking incredibly serious. The taller of the two men was huge, at least a foot taller than Ryuko was and almost twice as thick. He had dark skin and blonde hair that was slicked back, his arms were

crossed and he looked incredibly irritated with his companion. The other man was smaller, but still tall with a mop of dark hair that fell in his gray eyes.

“Oi!” The smaller one called when he caught sight of Ryuko. “You Matoi?”

Ryuko nodded once and put her hand on her hip, discretely pushing her jacket back and showing off her gun.

“Yeah, I see your gun.” The man chuckled, turning and opening the back door of the sedan behind him. “I’d get in if I were you.” He gestured to the man next to him, who was now holding a pistol loosely in his hand and glaring at Ryuko. “Because I doubt you’re faster than my associate.”

Ryuko sighed and walked over to the sedan, taking a seat in the back. The smaller man slid in beside her, his gun was in hand and there was a small smirk on his face as he buckled his seatbelt. The taller man climbed into the drivers’ seat, started the car, and started driving.

“You know, this is refreshing.” The smaller man said pleasantly. “Usually when I’m doing this, our guest is in the trunk and blindfolded. This is nice.” He looked over to Ryuko. “How do you like the city, Matoi?”

“How do you know my name?” Ryuko snapped, glaring at the man.

“We have eyes and ears all over the city, Matoi.” The tall man said, his deep voice startling Ryuko slightly.

“Yep, and the boss needs to have a word with you.” The smaller man paused. “I think we should introduce ourselves, I’m Uzu Sanageyama, and my large friend is Ira Gamagori.”

“Sanageyama is a stupid name.” Ryuko said, crossing her arms.

“You’re just upset that we got the drop on you.” Sanageyama replied calmly.

They were silent for a while before Gamagori pulled into a parking garage and Sanageyama pulled out a black sack. Before Ryuko could ask what it was for, the man put it around Ryuko’s head, pulling her into a headlock and forcing her from the vehicle. Gamagori let out a disapproving grunt when Ryuko’s feet hit the pavement.

Sanageyama roughly led her into a building and down some halls, tugging and pushing her in the proper directions without speaking. After almost five minutes, Ryuko was shoved onto her knees and the bag was ripped off her head. Behind her, an irritated voice mentioned that the bag wasn’t necessary.

“You’re Matoi?” A smooth voice asked, causing Ryuko to look up at the woman in front of her.

She was dressed in a pearl gray suit with a bright red cravat. A deep frown was on her face as her hard blue eyes glared into Ryuko’s very being. She sat in a large chair with a cup of tea in her hand and a gun in the other.

“Yeah, I’m Ryuko Matoi.” Ryuko nodded, glancing around the room.

“Satsuki Kiryuin.” The woman replied curtly. “Why don’t you have a seat? I’d like to speak with you.”

## Part 2

### Chapter 3: Part 2

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Ryuko has to do a small favor for the Kiryuin family or she might end up in the river

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The sun was setting as Ryuko readied herself for the favor she would be doing. Satsuki Kiryuin had said that one of her people would come to pick Ryuko up at sundown and explain the job to her then. She could feel her heart beating twice as fast as usual and she could feel panic rising.

A big, black SUV parked outside Ryuko's building and honked twice. Ryuko sighed and ran down the stairs, skipping three steps at a time before skidding out of the building and glaring at the car before she heard the door open and saw someone step out. She craned her neck, wondering if Sanageyama or Gamagori had come to get her, or if it was someone she didn't know.

Her brow furrowed at the sight of the person Satsuki had sent. She was tiny, she probably didn't even reach five feet tall if Ryuko was being honest. Her hair was bright pink and tied into a loose bun on the back of her head with a black beanie covering most of it. She glared at Ryuko before jerking her head toward the car and walking back to the drivers' side.

"Uh, what's your name?" Ryuko asked, hopping into the front seat and buckling up.

"Nonon Jakuzure." The woman snapped, putting her car in drive. "Here's what we've gotta do." She continued irritably. "We have to go and... uh... sign for a shipment of..." She paused and glanced at Ryuko. "Something. There's a police checkpoint on the way though,

so we need you to use your badge to get there and back, then you're free to go."

"It's that easy?" Ryuko raised her eyebrows.

"Yep." Nonon replied irritably. "You're not on our payroll, so we're not gonna make you do anything particularly difficult. Just need to know that you're with the program."

"With the program?"

"Yes, the program." Nonon sighed. "It's just so we know you're not gonna be a liability." She stopped at a red light and frowned. "If it turns out that you're a liability, we'll have to get rid of you."

"Would your boss do it herself?" Ryuko asked.

"Depending on the severity of the situation." Nonon took a sharp turn onto a bridge. "She doesn't like to be more brutal than she has to be. We try to be humane about things."

"Was what you did to the guy in the river humane?"

"Before Satsuki took over, we used to have to break every bone in their arms and legs, shoot them in the knee caps and elbows, then toss them in the river with a cinderblock chained to their legs so they could drown to death." Nonon turned into a lane where a few officers were standing. "I'd say we're humane."

"Damn."

"Yeah, Satsuki's mother is fucking insane." Nonon pulled up to the police check point. "Get your badge out, you piece of shit."

Ryuko did as she was told and flashed her badge to the officer before them, allowing Nonon to continue driving. They were silent for the rest of the ride, the only sounds were the engine and whatever weird, classical music that Nonon had decided on. Ryuko started

tapping her fingers on the side of the door, glaring out the window as they pulled up to a dock.

“Stay put.” Nonon instructed, turning off the car and hopping out with the keys in her hand. “If you fucking leave this car, I’ll blow your brains out.”

“Don’t worry, shortcake.” Ryuko grunted, crossing her arms and watching as Nonon walked up to a person with glasses and long blond hair, tied in a low pony tail.

They spoke for a few minutes before shaking hands, both smiling before they hugged briefly and Nonon walked back to the car. She climbed into the front seat and started the ignition, casting a brief glare at Ryuko as she did so. Ryuko frowned and glared back irritably.

“Alright, I’ll take you home now.” Nonon muttered, turning toward the road.

“Cool.” Ryuko sighed.

“You know that you can’t talk about this ever, right?” Nonon said after a moment of silence.

“Yeah.” Ryuko nodded.

“Good because I’m not in the mood to take out another hit on a cop.”

“Another?”

“Why do you think the job here opened up?”

“Seriously?”

“No, I’m just screwing with you, Matoi.” Nonon let out a bark of a laugh. “Some detective retired. He was alright. Never got in our way, but somehow managed to do his job.”

“That’s what you want me to do?”

“That’s expected.”

“Okay.”

They were silent for a while and Ryuko felt herself starting to panic. It was still her first week on the job, and somehow she’d already managed to do a favor for the Honnouji crime lords. Nonon seemed to notice her state and slowed her car down.

“You okay?” She asked irritably. “You’re not gonna puke in my car are you?”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“I’ll fucking worry about your vomit stinking up my car.”

“I’m not gonna puke, I’m just...”

“You do realize that you don’t owe us anything, right?” Nonon glanced over at Ryuko. “This was just to show us that you’re with the program, you don’t have to do anything at all.” She reached into the pocket on the door and pulled out an envelope. “Here. This is for you.”

Ryuko opened the envelope and gasped at the stack of hundred dollar bills inside. “What the...?”

“That’s a thousand bucks.” Nonon said, gesturing for Ryuko to flash her badge at the check point before continuing to drive on. “A thank you for doing this, courtesy of Miss Satsuki Kiryuin.” Nonon paused, furrowing her brow. “There should also be a card in there, it’s got a phone number on it. You call this number for two reasons, information or if you want a job. This is not the kind of thing where you call and ask to go get a beer with you when you’re lonely. You will get rid of this card when you get home, eat it, burn it, I don’t give a fuck.”

Ryuko's brow furrowed as she looked in the envelope again.  
"Anything else in here?"

"There's an address on another card." Nonon continued. "You go to this address when we make meetings. This address is different for each cop, so don't ask them for theirs if you lose yours. Got it?"

"Got it."

"Same goes for that card, destroy it when you get home. Memorize the address."

"Got it."

## Part 3

### Chapter 4: Part 3

They'd just brought in a homeless man who had killed his former boss when Ryuko and Mako decided to take a break and go get some lunch. Ryuko didn't talk much, choosing to focus the majority of her attention to her hamburger and fries while Mako chattered on about how terrible it must be for the victim's family to have to deal with their loss. She was mildly annoyed by Mako's ramblings until her partner brought up the Kiryuins.

"What was that?" Ryuko looked up from her burger. "About the Kiryuins?"

"Oh, the victim worked closely with the Kiryuins." Mako replied calmly. "Not closely, but they did some deals. Legal dealings, though. Nothing illegal, the victim was relatively clean."

"How much do you know about the Kiryuins?" Ryuko asked, her brow furrowing.

"I know enough," Mako shrugged, taking a sip of her Coke. "Satsuki and I went to high school together. She was a year ahead of me, but I dated her friend so I saw her sometimes."

"You dated a friend of hers?"

"Yeah, well... It wasn't *dating* really. We were just really good friends who went on dates."

"Okay?"

"Yeah, Satsuki was the student body president every year until she graduated."

"Do you know anything about the... work they do?"

“Do you plan on arresting them?”

“... I don’t know.”

“The Kiryuins aren’t the bad guys you think they are.” Mako sighed, looking out the window. “How many kids have you seen living on the street? How many muggings have you seen? How many robberies?” Ryuko frowned. “Satsuki Kiryuin has this city under her thumb, she makes sure there’s little to no crime, she opened up two homes for children, and I heard that she once hunted down a pedophile herself. I don’t know about you, but I don’t think she’s a bad person.”

Ryuko was silent as she considered what Mako had said.

“Has she always been so intimidating?” Ryuko grinned after a moment.

Mako smiled. “Yes, though her hair was a lot longer.” Mako paused. “I still haven’t ever seen her smile.”

Ryuko hummed thoughtfully and sighed. “So she’s always been a frowning bitch?”

“Yeah, I guess.” Mako frowned. “One time there was an attack during school. Her left hand shakes now because of it... The person who was hired to kill her was apprehended the day later and... the body was found a month after he posted bail.”

“Was she shot?” Ryuko leaned forward in her seat.

“Yes.” Mako nodded. “She was in the middle of a speech when he shot her... She was eighteen and she was never the same after.”

“Wow.”

“That’s the life of a crime lord’s daughter.”

“How many attempts have been made on the family?”

Mako thought for a moment. "I can only think of two times... Obviously there was the time Satsuki was shot, but... around twenty or so years ago, Lady Ragyo's husband died... A car bomb I think. But the Kiryuins don't tolerate that kind of thing, you know. They make examples of people like that."

"People are that terrified of the Kiryuins?" Ryuko raised her eyebrows. "Aren't there any competing families?"

"There's the Takarada family..." Mako paused. "They have a rivalry with the Kiryuins, but they live the next city over..."

"Weird."

"Yeah, especially since Satsuki and Kaneo pretty much hate each other. I'd have thought there'd be a war or something..."

"Why do they hate each other?"

Mako shrugged and took a bite of her burger. "Beats me, I don't know anything about that. All I know is that she can't stand them at all, or at least that's what Ira said..."

Ryuko checked her watch before tossing some money on the table and standing up. "We need to get back to work."

"Okay then." Mako nodded and stood up. "You shouldn't let anyone find out that you were asking so many questions, by the way. It'd make it seem like you're up to something..."

"I'll keep that in mind."

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Ryuko was awakened by the sound of her tea kettle squealing. She bolted upright and immediately reached for her piece that should be in her nightstand. Her hand groped around for a bit before Ryuko remembered that she'd left her gun in its holster on the coffee table the night before. A growl escaped her throat as Ryuko climbed out of

bed and grabbed the baseball bat from beside her dresser before quietly entering the living room.

"Good evening, Detective Matoi." A mildly irritated voice greeted from the kitchen.

Ryuko turned to see the scowling face of Satsuki Kiryuin standing at her counter with two cups of tea in her hands. "What are you doing in my house?"

Satsuki glanced around. "You call this a house?" She murmured to herself before looking back at Ryuko and holding out the tea in her left hand. "I'd like to have tea with you, Matoi."

Ryuko dropped her bat, took a few steps forward, and accepted the teacup. "What are you doing here?"

"Have a seat, Matoi." Satsuki replied calmly, gesturing to the detective's sofa. "We're just going to have a chat."

"Don't tell me to sit in my own apartment." Ryuko snapped as she sat down, glancing at the coffee table. "Where's my piece?"

"Your gun is somewhere safe." Satsuki said, taking a sip of her tea and sitting in the chair near the sofa. "I just needed to ensure that our conversation remained... cordial."

"So talk." Ryuko grunted, glaring at the tea. Idly she wondered what the odds of Satsuki poisoning the tea was.

"It's not poisoned." Satsuki said after a moment. "I'm not a cowardly rat, you know."

"What are we going to talk about?" Ryuko set the tea on her coffee table.

"I heard from a very reliable source that you were digging for information on me." Satsuki said, her calm façade cracking slightly as her eyes flashed. "What are you planning, detective?"

"I'm not planning anything." Ryuko said firmly. "I'm just trying to get my bearings, is all."

"There's a difference between 'getting your bearings' and digging up my personal information." Satsuki finished her tea and leaned forward, revealing a gun with an ivory handle on her hip. "Now why were you asking Mako Mankanshoku so many questions about me?"

"How will you know if I'm lying?"

"I'll have you know, I happen to be very astute."

"How about this?" Ryuko leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees. "A truth for a truth? I ask you a question and you tell me the honest truth. Then I'll do the same for your question."

A small smile formed on Satsuki's face. "Alright, ask your question."

Ryuko's brow furrowed as she thought of a question to ask. There was no way to tell if Satsuki was telling the truth. That is until she saw Satsuki's left hand trembling slightly. A smirk appeared as she looked Satsuki in the eyes.

"What's the deal with your hand?" She asked.

Satsuki frowned again and glared at her hand, as if willing it to stop. "I was shot when I was eighteen." She said calmly. "In the middle of an assembly at school. I was shot in front of all the students." Taking in a deep breath. "Now for my question. Why were you asking questions about me?"

Ryuko sighed, frowning at the fact that Satsuki had told the truth. "I guess it's because..." Ryuko paused, she wasn't completely sure why she had asked so many questions about the Kiryuins. By all accounts it didn't make sense. "I've never even heard of a city like this one, or a family like yours. It's so strange to me, especially since you don't have any competition within the city... And apparently you do good things for the city too, it's so..."

“Peculiar to you?” Satsuki suggested after a moment.

“Yeah. I just wanted to know about you all, and then Mako mentioned going to high school with you, I guess... I saw my chance and I took it.”

Satsuki smiled and gave Ryuko an understanding nod. “I have a feeling you have a few more questions.”

“I do.”

“Then we have the same arrangement, I suppose?”

“Uh... Yeah...”

“Alright then,” Satsuki paused. “I grant you two more questions before I take my leave. Ask wisely.”

Ryuko nodded. “I’m gonna save these for later, if that’s okay.”

Satsuki let out a small puff of a laugh. “Fine. But only because you’re entertaining.”

She stood up and straightened her jacket, effectively concealing the gun on her hip, before turning her heel and walking toward the door. Ryuko watched her with a furrowed brow as she idly wondered where Satsuki had hidden her piece.

“It’s in your freezer.” Satsuki said before leaving, slamming the door as she left.

“Who the fuck puts a pistol in the freezer?”